HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR
FEAR
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
NO. 19
JUNE
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
GHASTLY

Tete7Totoro's VERY FIRST EC Comic Book...

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A Ghastly OK Scare For Margaret (1925-2000) ... THANK YOU VERY MUCH GRANDMA FOR GETTING ME STARTED!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

NEE,HEE! WELL, *HOP* INTO THE *HAUNT-HUNGRY HIDIOTS*. THIS IS *THE OLD WITCH*, YOUR *SHIVER-CHEF*, STEWING ANOTHER *SCREAM-SNACK* IN HER *CRUDDY CAULDRON*. I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T *EATEN* ALREADY, BECAUSE IF YOU *HAVE*...WELL, COME CLOSER TO THE *CAULDRON* JUST IN CASE. I'O HATE TO HAVE THE FLOOR MESSED UP WHILE I'M NARRATING MY *NAUSEATING NOVELETTE*. BESIDES... THE OLD RECIPE *NEEDS* A LITTLE FLAVORING! AND NOW, READ *EMILE'S* STORY IN HIS *OWN WORDS*. HE *CALLS* IT...

SUCKER BAIT!

I WALK SLOWLY THROUGH THE DESERTED NIGHT STREETS AND I LISTEN TO THE TERRIFIED SILENCE OF MY TOWN. I LISTEN TO THE STILLNESS OF ITS LOCKED DOORS AND SHUTTERED WINDOWS, AND I CAN ALMOST HEAR THE FRIGHTENED BREATHING OF THE PEOPLE HIDING BEHIND THEM. I LISTEN TO THE QUICK HEAVY FOOTSTEPS FOLLOWING ME, DRAWING NEARER. MY HANDS ARE COLD AND MY BLOOD POUNDS THROUGH MY SHIVERING BODY. BUT I AM NOT AFRAID. EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I AM GOING TO DIE, I AM NOT AFRAID. FOR I AM TO BE THE *VAMPIRE'S LAST VICTIM*...

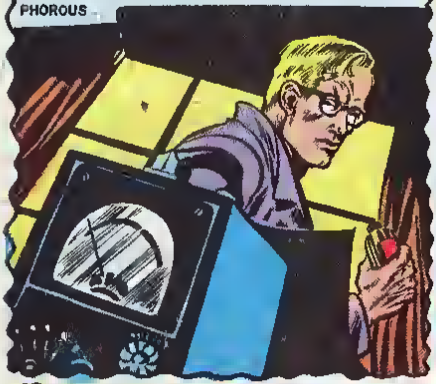
NO MORE WILL THE SOOD PEOPLE OF MY TOWN WHITHE IN THE GRIP OF FEAR NO MONE WILL EACH DAWN PEEN INTO THE DANK STILL MORNINGS ANO SEE ANOTHER BLOODLESS CORPSE, FOR THEY WILL FINO HIM HOW. THEY WILL FINO MY BOOY ANO THEN THEY WILL FINO THE VAMPINE AND ONIVE A STAKE THROUGH HIS CUNSED INHUMAN HEANT, THE FOOTSTEPS BEHINO ME ANE CLOSER HOW..
I THINK OF STANLEY, MY OLOEN BROTHER, SILENTLY WORKING AT HIS HIS LATHE ON HIS DNILL PRESS OR WHATEVER HE DOES AT HIS JOB ON THE HIGHT SHIFT AT THE FACTORY. ANO I THINK OF THE SADNESS THAT WILL BE IN HIS FACE ANO THE SILENT BLACK BAND ENCINCLING HIS STRONG ARM.
AND THEN I THINK OF MY FATHER.. WHITE AND RISID, NEVER MORE TO SMILE OR LAUGH OR SING SONGS... MY FATHEN... LYING DEAO IN THE TOWN'S ONLY FUNERAL PANLON WITH NO BLOOD TO ORAIN FNOM HIS PUNCTUREO BOOY..
SUOOENLY THE WHITE RIGIOITY IN MY FATHER'S FACE IS GONE, AND THE SADNESS IN MY BROTHER'S FACE HAS OISAPPEAREO AND THEY ARE BOTH SMILING ANO LAUGHING AHO WAVING AT ME AS I STEP OFF THE TRAIN...
POP! STAN!
THERE HE IS!
MY BOY! EMILE...
YES. THE NIGHT BEFONE LAST, MY FATHEN WAS ALIVE AND THERE WAS NO SILENT BLACK BAND ON MY BROTHER'S ARM. THEY HAD COME DOWN TO THE STATION TO MEET ME. I HAD COME HOME... HOME, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF COLLEGE...
POP! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!
EMILE! YOU LOOK SO WELL! I'M PROUD OF YOU, EMILE.
ME TOO, EMILE..
JUST THINK, STANLEY! MY BOY.. YOUR BROTHER EMILE — A COLLEGE GRADUATE A CHEMIST...
I OWE IT ALL TO YOU.. BOTH OF YOU. YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE. YOU PAID MY WAY. I CAN NEVER FULLY REPAY YOU. BUT I'LL TRY. HONESTLY, I'LL TRY!
AW, CUT IT, EMILE. LET ME CANRY YOUN BAGS. HERE..
CAREFUL, STAN. I HAVE SOME EQUIPMENT IN THEM...
COME, EMILE. COME. LET'S GO HOME...
2

THAT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST. I REMEMBER IT ALL SO CLEARLY. WE WALKED HOME, ARM IN ARM, THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS...
WHERE... WHERE IS EVERYBODY, STAN? WHERE'S ALL THE FOLKS?
LOCKED UP... BEHIND THEIR DOORS...
HE DOESN'T KNOW, POP! HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE VAMPIRE!
THE VAMPIRE? WHAT VAMPIRE? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
THE TOWN IS BEING TERRORIZED BY A VAMPIRE, EMILE! TWELVE PEOPLE HAVE BEEN MURDERED ALREADY... THEIR BLOOD SUCKED FROM THEIR BODIES. TWELVE PEOPLE IN TWELVE DAYS...
IS... IS THIS TRUE, POP?
YES, EMILE. IT.. IT'S TRUE, BUT MAYBE, HOW THAT YOU'RE HOME...
AW, POP! WHAT COULD EMILE DO? IT DOESN'T TAKE A COLLEGE EDUCATION TO CATCH A VAMPIRE!
THE HOUSE WAS OLDER, AND MAYBE IN NEED OF PAINTING, BUT IT WAS STILL THE SAME. IT WAS STILL HOME. POP OPENED THE DOOR AND I STEPPED INSIDE. SPIRAL STREAMERS OF CREPE PAPER DECORATED THE LIVING ROOM IN MY HONOR...
WELCOME HOME, EMILE!
LET'S HAVE A DRINK!
WAIT, STAN. LOOK... I APPRECIATE ALL THIS! REALLY! BUT I'M INTERESTED IN THE VAMPIRE! WHAT ABOUT IT...
IT'S HORRIBLE. HORRIBLE! EMILE, IF YOU ONLY KNOW HOW...
POP! WE AGREED TO FORGET ABOUT THE VAMPIRE TONIGHT! WE AGREED THAT WE'D MAKE EMILE'S HOMECOMING A HAPPY ONE...
HOW CAN I BE HAPPY, STAN, WHEN TWELVE OF MY TOWNSFOLK ARE DEAD?
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. IT ALL STARTED WHEN OLD MAN FEENEY WAS FOUND DEAD... TWO TINY HOLES IN HIS NECK, AND HIS BLOOD DRAINED FROM HIS BODY. THEN, EO COBB WAS NEXT... AND SO ON. THE WHOLE TOWN'S SCARED STIFF. NO ONE GOES OUT AT NIGHT EXCEPT ME AND THE OTHER BOYS ON THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE PLANT.
HASN'T ANYONE FOUND THE VAMPIRE? DIDN'T YOU TRY TO TRAP IT... DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH ITS HEART?
NO ONE'S SEEN IT. NO ONE KNOWS WHERE IT SLEEPS. BELIEVE ME, WE'VE TRIED TO FIND ITS RESTING PLACE BUT IT'S BEEN NO USE. ME AND THE BOYS EVEN TOOK A NIGHT OFF FROM THE PLANT AND WANDERED AROUND TOWN TRY TO CATCH SIGHT OF IT.
IT'S ALMOST TEN-THIRTY, STANLEY. HADN'T YOU BETTER BE RUNNING ALONG?
3

STANLEY GLANCED AT HIS WATCH..
SORRY, EMILE. TIME TO GO TO WORK. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING..
I DON'T KNOW, STAN. I'M PRETTY TIRED. I'LL PROBABLY STILL BE ASLEEP WHEN YOU GET HOME..
HE SMILED..
OKAY, KID. WHEN I GET UP, THEN. S'LONG, NOW. IT... IT'S GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN, EMILE.
IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME, STAN.
HE WAS GONE. STAN, MY BROTHER. FOR THREE YEARS HE'D DONE THIS FOR ME. WORKED TO HELP PUT ME THROUGH COLLEGE. DAD TURNED TO ME..
YOU MUST BE TIRED AFTER THAT LONG TRIP, EMILE! COME. YOUR ROOM IS READY.
THANKS, POP! I'M BEAT..
POP WATCHED ME UNDRESS AND CRAWL INTO MY OLD BED. THEN HE SNAPPED OFF THE LIGHT. I THINK I WAS ASLEEP AS SOON AS MY HEAD HIT THE PILLOW. THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER WAS POP'S GOD-AWFUL SCREAMING WAKING ME UP...
HUH? WHAT THE... POP! POP!
I RUSHED TO POP'S ROOM. THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE. BY THE TIME I'D BROKEN IT OPEN, HIS SCREAMS HAD STOPPED. I SNAPPED ON THE LIGHT. POP LAY ON HIS BED, DEATHLY WHITE. THERE WERE TWO SMALL PUNCTURE HOLES IN HIS NECK..
POP! MY GOD! POP!
HE WAS DEAD. I DON'T REMEMBER TOO CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT. BETWEEN FITS OF CRYING, I THINK I MADE A PHONE CALL. ANYWAY, THE NEXT THING I KNEW, STAN WAS HOME AND HE WAS COMFORTING ME AND I WAS SHRIEKING HYSTERICALLY...
I'LL GET IT, STAN! I SWEAR I'LL GET THAT VAMPIRE!
TAKE IT EASY, EMILE. WE ALL WANT TO FIND IT. THE WHOLE TOWN WANTS TO. WE'LL GET IT FOR POP! YOU AND ME.
THE HOUSE WAS FULL OF PEOPLE...NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS. I GUESS AFTER A WHILE I CALMED DOWN. STAN MADE A PHONE CALL, AND MR. GODIN, THE TOWN UNDERTAKER, CAME AND TOOK POP AWAY. IT WAS ABOUT FIVE IN THE MORNING WHEN EVERYBODY'D LEFT...
YOU...YOU MUST BE TIRED, STAN! WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME REST?
I WILL, EMILE. SOON. FEELING BETTER?
4

I NODDED. MY EYES FELL ON MY STILL-UNPACKED SUITCASES. SUDDENLY I KNEW. I KNEW HOW TO TRAP OUR VAMPIRE. I UNPACKED THE SUITCASE WITH MY EQUIPMENT, THE EQUIPMENT I'D BOUGHT IN COLLEGE...
STAN. LOOK. DO YOU KNOW WHAT TNIS IS?
UH-UH! NO! WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A GEIGER COUNTER STAN. IT DETECTS RADIO ACTIVE MATERIAL. IT CLICKS WHEN IT NEARS ANY. THIS IS THE WAY YOU TURN IT ON. SEE? NOW... LISTEN..
I SNAPPED ON THE GEIGER COUNTER. IT BEGAN TO CLICK LOUDLY...
WHY...IT'S CLICKING NOW, EMILE!
YES, STAN! BECAUSE IT'S DETECTING A RADIO-ACTIVE MATERIAL. TNIS... IN THIS BOTTLE...IS RADIO PHOSPHORUS...ISOTOPE P-32...A RADIO-ACTIVE TRACER. THE GEIGER-COUNTER SENSES THE P-32. TNAT'S WHY IT'S CLICKING!
WELL, WHAT'S TNIS GOT TO DO WITH THE VAMPIRE, EMILE?
I CAN'T TELL YOU, STAN. JUST TRUST ME AND DON'T WORRY. AFTER TONIGHT, THIS TOWN WILL BE RID OF HIM. YOU'LL SEE. NOW, WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME SLEEP? YOU MUST BE TIRED.
I AM TIRED, EMILE. I THINK I WILL HIT THE HAY...
STAN WENT INTO HIS ROOM AND SHUT THE DOOR. SOON, IT WAS QUIET AND I KNEW HE WAS ASLEEP. FOR A LONG TIME I SAT THERE, WATCHING IT GET LIGHT AND FEELING THE SUN STREAMING IN THE WINDOW. THEN I TOOK A PENCIL AND BEGAN TO WRITE..
DEAR STANLEY,
WHEN YOU AWAKEN, I WILL BE GONE. DON'T LOOK FOR ME. TOMORROW MORNING, TAKE THE GEIGER-COUNTER, COMB THE TOWN, AND LISTEN FOR THE CLICKS. WHEN YOU HEAR THEM, YOU WILL HAVE FOUND THE VAMPIRE'S RESTING PLACE...
MY PLAN WAS SIMPLE. I FINISHED THE NOTE...
...I HAVE SWALLOWED THE ISOTOPE, P-32. IT WILL BE IN MY BLOODSTREAM WHEN THE VAMPIRE ATTACKS ME. WHEN HE RETURNS TO HIS RESTING PLACE, IT WILL BE IN NIS BLOODSTREAM. IT IS THE ONLY WAY. I HAVE SACRIFICED MYSELF FOR POP. WHEN YOU DRIVE THE STAKE, GIVE ONE RAP FOR ME!
EMILE

I PROPPED THE NOTE UP BESIDE THE GEIGER-COUNTER AND TOOK THE BOTTLE OF RADIO PHOSPHOROUS...



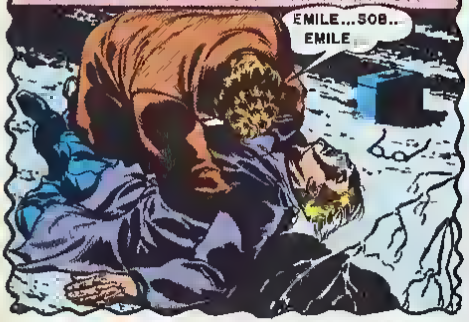
THEN I LEFT THE HOUSE. I WENT OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE. I WENT OUT INTO MY TOWN. I WALKED THE STREETS AND I LOOKED AT THE PEOPLE AND I SAW THE FEAR IN THEIR EYES AND MOURNED MY FATHER AND KNEW THAT WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO WAS RIGHT...

I WATCHED THE SUN SET BEYOND THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS. I WATCHED THE SKY DARKEN AND THE STARS SING OUT... FIRST ONE SOLO, THEN A WHOLE SYMPHONY OF TWINKLING LIGHT. I LIFTED THE BOTTLE OF P-32 TO MY LIPS...

NOW I LISTEN TO THE QUICK HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME, ALMOST ON TOP OF ME. MY HANDS ARE COLD AND MY BLOOD POUNDS THROUGH MY SHIVERING BODY. BUT I AM NOT AFRAID...

I AM NOT AFRAID BECAUSE I KNOW THAT STANLEY HAS AWAKENED AND IS READING MY NOTE..

AND I KNOW THAT HE WILL SEARCH FOR MY BODY AND FIND IT, AND THE GEIGER-COUNTER WILL BE SILENT BECAUSE THE VAMPIRE WILL HAVE DRAINED THE RADIOACTIVE TRACER OUT OF MY BODY WITH MY BLOOD...



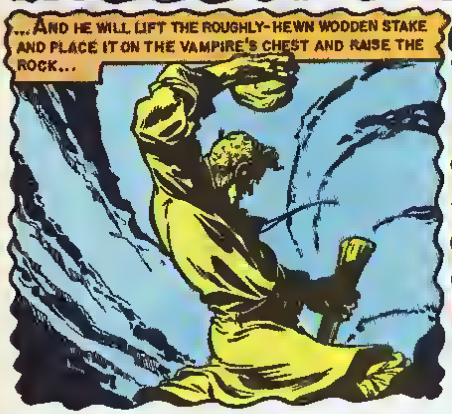
AND THEN STANLEY WILL GO LOOKING. AND HE WILL LISTEN. HE WILL PEER INTO CELLARS AND ATTICS AND OLD BUILDINGS AND DESERTED HOUSES..

HE WILL LOOK IN EMPTY LOTS AND OLD WELLS AND CAVES LONG FORGOTTEN...

...AND HE WILL LISTEN. HE WILL LISTEN FOR THE CLICKS. THE CLICKS THAT WILL TELL HIM THAT HE IS NEARING THE VAMPIRE'S RESTING PLACE...

AND THE CLICKS WILL GROW LOUDER AND LOUDER AND LOUDER UNTIL STANLEY WILL STAND AND LOOK DOWN AT THE INHUMAN LIVING-DEAD WITH A HATE IN HIS EYES AND A CURSE ON HIS LIPS...

...AND HE WILL LIFT THE ROUGHLY-HEWN WOODEN STAKE AND PLACE IT ON THE VAMPIRE'S CHEST AND RAISE THE ROCK...



...AND DRIVE THE STAKE THROUGH THE BLOOD-SUCKING THING'S INHUMAN HEART...

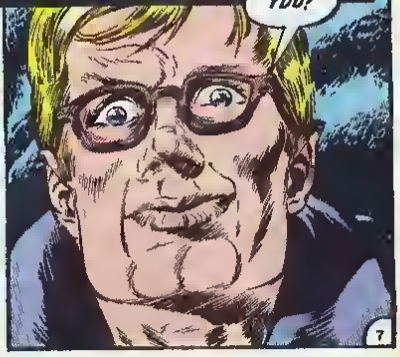
FOR POP...UGH...AND...EMILE... UGH... AND THE OTHERS...

...UNTIL IT *SHRIEKS AND FALLS TO DUST AND IS DESTROYED...*

I STOP. I STOP WALKING. THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME STOP TOO. I CLENCH MY FISTS AND GRIT MY TEETH AND WAIT. SUDDENLY, I AM SHIVERING NO LONGER. SUDDENLY MY HANDS ARE WARM. SUDDENLY I AM READY. I TURN, SMILING.

... AND MY SMILE FREEZES AND MY FACE IS A WAX MASK...

YOU!



STANLEY, MY BROTHER, LEERS AT ME, HIS FANGS GLEAMING...

AND THEN HE IS UPON ME . THROWING ME TO THE GROUND. I FEEL THE FLESH OF MY THROAT TEAR AS HIS NEEDLE-LIKE FANGS RIP IN...

I FEEL HIS OVERPOWERING STRENGTH AS HE HOLDS ME FAST. I FEEL A WARM TRICKLE DOWN BEHIND MY NECK WHERE THE BLOOD IS RUNNING...

THE STARS ABOVE BEGIN TO SPIN UNTIL THEY WHIRL IN CONCENTRIC CIRCLES OF LIGHT AND I FEEL MY STRENGTH EBBING AND KNOW THAT I AM DYING...

JUST BEFORE THE BLACKNESS CLOSES IN, I THINK OF STANLEY GOING HOME AND TURNING ON THE GEIGER COUNTER...

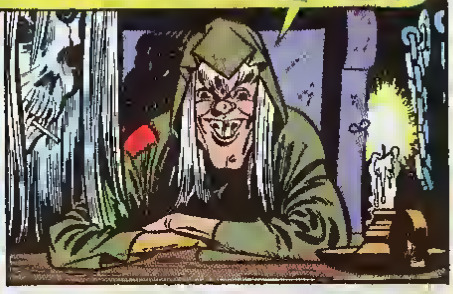
AND LISTENING TO THE CLICKS AND TEARING UP MY NOTE AND LAUGHING...

NEE, HEE.. WHICH IS JUST WHAT *I'M* DOING, EMILE. WELL, AS THEY ALWAYS SAY, THE *BEST LAID PLANS* OF *MICE* AND *CHEMISTS* OFT GO *BOOM.* SOMEBODY WAS MADE A *SUCKER* OF, EH? SO STANLEY WAS THE VAMP ALL ALONG. OH.. BROTHER. NO WONDER HE WORKED NIGHTS AND SLEPT DAYS. *ALL* VAMPIRES DO! WHAT? YOU KNOW SOMEBODY WHO WORKS NIGHTS AND SLEEPS DAYS AND HE'S NO VAMPIRE? ARE YOU.. HEE, HEE. *SURE?* TRY LOOKING FOR A THIN LAYER OF SOIL IN HIS BED. NOW. V.K. THIS WAY.

THE VAULT OF HORROR!®

HEH, HEH! AND NOW.. NOW THAT YOUR *STOMACHS* HAVE BEEN *DULY UPSET* BY *G.W'S CRUD-COOKING*, IT'S *MY* TURN TO *FEED YOU FEAR*. THIS IS YOUR *HOST* IN THE *VAULT OF HORROR*, *THE VAULT-KEEPER*, READY TO DIP DOWN INTO MY COLLECTION OF *CREEPY CONTRIVANCES* AND SPIN ANOTHER *SCREAM STORY* FOR YOUR PLEASURE. I *CALL* THIS *YELP-YARN*. . .

LOVER, COME HACK TO ME!



THE CAR ENGINE COUGHED AND DIED AND THE NERVOUS STACCATO SOUND OF THE DOWNPOUR ON THE ROOF SEEMED TO INCREASE IN TEMPO. CHARLES KEELEY LEANED FORWARD, PEERING PAST THE FOGGING WINDSHIELD INTO THE FLUID BLACKNESS ILLUMINATED BY THE HEADLIGHTS. BESIDE HIM, PEGGY, HIS BRIDE OF SCARCELY TWO HOURS, GIGGLED

CHARLIE TURNED TO HIS LOVELY NEW WIFE. SHE GRINNED AT HIM AND THE LOVE AND HAPPINESS THAT WAS INSIDE HER SPARKLED OUTWARD THROUGH HER SMILING EYES...

YES, BUT...WELL SPENDING ONE'S *WEDDING NIGHT* STUCK IN A *CAR* ISN'T *MY* IDEA OF *FUN*, PEG.

CHARLIE, DEAR. TWO HOURS AGO I WAS *PEGGY ANDERSON*... LIVING WITH AN *OLD MAID AUNT*... AN *ORPHAN*, WHO GREW UP KNOWING *NO LOVE*.

ALAN ANDERSON, MY *FATHER*, WAS *KILLED* BEFORE I WAS *BORN*. AUNTY NEVER *TOLD* ME *WHY* OR *HOW*, ALTHOUGH I *QUESTIONED* HER SO MANY TIMES *ABOUT* IT. SOMETIMES I THINK SHE WAS TRYING TO *HIDE* SOMETHING ABOUT MY FATHER'S DEATH... SOME TERRIBLE *MYSTERY!*

AND MY MOTHER, *FREDA*, *DIED* GIVING *BIRTH* TO *ME*. YOU MET *AUNTY*. YOU *KNOW* WHAT A *FRIGID* OLD WOMAN SHE *IS*. SHE BROUGHT ME *UP*, CHARLIE. SHE *NEVER* GAVE ME ANY *AFFECTION* BECAUSE I *DOUBT* IF THERE WAS AN *OUNCE* OF AFFECTION *IN* HER TO *GIVE*. THEN, DEAREST, *YOU* CAME ALONG... AND I KNEW WHAT IT WAS TO *LOVE* SOMEONE, AND *WANT* SOMEONE, AND FOR SOMEONE TO LOVE AND WANT *ME*. SO...

PEGGY SNUGGLED UP CLOSE TO HER NEW HUSBAND...

...SO YOU *SEE*, DARLING? WHETHER IT'S IN A *PALACE* OR A *BOGGED-DOWN CAR* ON A *DESERTED MUDDY ROAD*, AS LONG AS I CAN BE *CLOSE* TO YOU... AND *KNOW LOVE*...

PEGGY...

THERE WAS A FLASH OF LIGHTNING, AND A THUNDER CLAP ROARED. CHARLES REACHED OVER AND SNAPPED OFF THE HEADLIGHTS, AND THE DARKNESS CLOSED IN AROUND THEM. HE COULD HEAR PEGGY'S HEAVY BREATHING ABOVE THE DOWNPOUR AS HE SLID HIS ARMS AROUND HER AND DREW HER TO HIM...

WAIT, CHARLIE! *LOOK!*

WHAT? WHERE?

PEGGY POINTED OFF TO THE LEFT...INTO THE DOWNPOURING BLACKNESS...

WAIT UNTIL ANOTHER *LIGHTNING FLASH* SILHOUETTES IT. *THERE! SEE...?*

IT'S A *HOUSE!* AN *OLD MANSION!*

PEGGY FLUNG OPEN THE CAR DOOR. THE RAIN LASHED IN AT THEM...

COME ON, DARLING. EVEN IF IT'S *DESERTED*, IT'LL BE *LESS CRAMPED* THAN THE *CAR*. LET'S *RUN FOR IT*.

OKAY! I'LL GET THE *OVERNIGHT BAG*...

THEY RAN...RAND IN RAND...THROUGH THE COLD WHITE LIGHTNING FLASHES AND THE EAR-SPLITTING THUNDER ROLLS... THROUGH THE CASCADING SHEETS OF RAIN AND SPLASHING MUD...UNTIL THEY CLIMBED, PANTING AND BREATHLESS, ONTO THE PORCH OF THE OLD HOUSE...

WHEW. I'M *SOAKED* TO THE *SKIN*.

ME TOO. LOOKS LIKE THIS PLACE IS *DESERTED*. THE *WINDOWS* ARE *ALL BOARDED UP* AND...THE *DOOR'S LOCKED*...

BEHIND THEM, THE RAIN SWEPT OFF THE PORCH ROOF AND WATERFALLED TO THE GROUND, FEEDING GROWING RIVULETS THAT RAN GRAZILY OFF INTO THE BLACKNESS DOWN THE HILL. CHARLIE SHRUGGED...

WELL...IT'S EITHER BACK TO THE *CAR* FOR US OR *BREAK IN*...

I'M SURE WHOEVER *OWNS* THE HOUSE WOULDN'T *MIND* UNDER THE *CIRCUMSTANCES*...

THE AGED LOCK, ROTTED WITH THE YEARS, SPLINTERED OPEN UNDER CHARLES'S WEIGHT, AND THE DOOR SWUNG WIDE...

WELL, MRS. KEELEY! WELCOME TO OUR *HONEYMOON COTTAGE*...

OH, CHARLES...

PEGGY LAUGHED HAPPILY AS CHARLES LIFTED HER IN HIS STRONG ARMS AND CARRIED HER ACROSS THE THRESHOLD...

IT'S THE *CUSTOM*, YOU KNOW, PEGGY.

DARLING

CHARLES KICKED THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM, SLAMMING OUT THE NOISE OF THE STORM. IN THE GLOOM, WHITE HULKS SAT SILENTLY, COVERED WITH THE DUST OF YEARS OF ABANDONMENT...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?! *FURNITURE*. LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE *MOVED OUT* AND *LEFT* EVERYTHING *EXACTLY AS IS*.

THEN...THEN THERE MUST BE A *BEDROOM*... AND A... *BED*.

CHARLES FOUND CANDLES IN A HOLDER UNDER ONE OF THE DUST COVERINGS AND LIT THEM, AND THEY BEGAN TO EXPLORE THE DESERTED OLD MANSION. A MASSIVE WINDING STAIRCASE LED FROM THE MAIN FLOOR UPWARD. UPSTAIRS, THEY FOUND...

A *BEDROOM*...WITH A *FIREPLACE*...AND *LOGS*... SAY! LOOK AT THAT *BATTLE-AXE* OVER THE MANTLE...

START A *FIRE*, DEAR, WHILE I UNCOVER THIS BED...

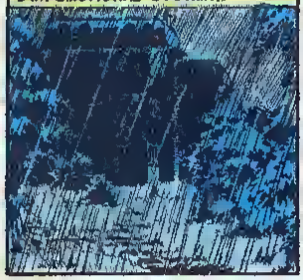
SOON, A ROARING FIRE WAS FILLING THE DUSTY OLD BEDROOM WITH ITS WARMTH. BEFORE IT, A MAKESHIFT CLOTHESLINE HELD DRIPPING CLOTHES. THE HUGE BED HAD BEEN CLEARED OF ITS DUST-COVER AND LAY WITH ITS BLANKET THROWN BACK INVITINGLY. THE OVERNIGHT BAG SAT OPEN UPON A CHAIR. CHARLES AND PEGGY STOOD WATCHING THE FLAMES...

READY TO HIT THE HAY, NOW?

MMMM...

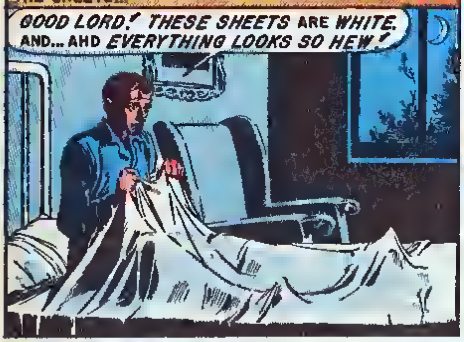
OUTSIDE. THE STORM LASHED AT THE OLD HOUSE BUT WITHIN, THE NEWLYWEDS WERE OBLIVIOUS TO ITS FURY, HEARING ONLY THE POUNDING OF THEIR OWN HEARTS AS THEY WALKED TOGETHER TO THE HUGE BED...

THE FIRE CRACKLED AND LEAPED, LICKING AT THE LOGS. THE STORM SEEMED TO INCREASE IN INTENSITY, RAGING AND WHIPPING THE ANCIENT EDIFICE. BETWEEN YELLOWED AND MUSTY SHEETS, CHARLES AND PEGGY WERE CLOSE, FEELING THE INCREASING INTENSITY OF THEIR OWN EMOTIONAL STORM...

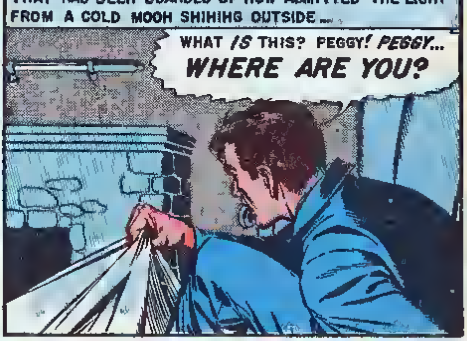


AND THEN, THE STORMS FADED, SPENDING THEMSELVES. THE FIRE COOLED. SLEEP AND PEACE DESCENDED...

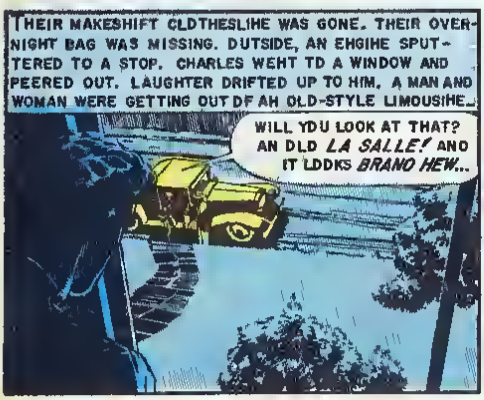
A SUDDEN SOUND AWAKENED CHARLES, AND HE SAT UP ABRUPTLY, STARING INTO THE DARKNESS. THE FIRE HAD GONE OUT. THE BED BESIDE HIM WAS EMPTY. AND THE SHEETS...



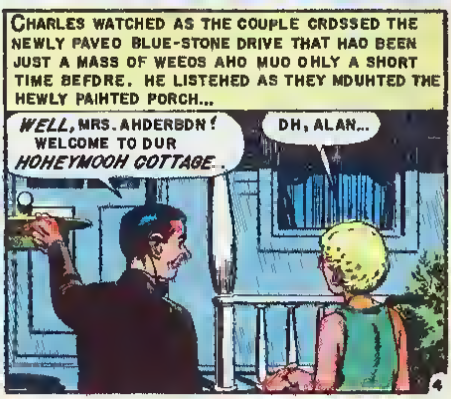
THE ROOM WAS NO LONGER DINGY AND DUSTY AND SMELLING OF AGE. EVERYTHING WAS SPOTLESS AND CLEAN AND HAD THE LOOK OF NEWNESS. THE WINDOWS THAT HAD BEEN BOARDED UP HOW ADMITTED THE LIGHT FROM A COLD MOON SHINING OUTSIDE...



THEIR MAKESHIFT CLOTHESLINE WAS GONE. THEIR OVERNIGHT BAG WAS MISSING. OUTSIDE, AN ENGINE SPUTTERED TO A STOP. CHARLES WENT TO A WINDOW AND PEERED OUT. LAUGHTER DRIFTED UP TO HIM. A MAN AND WOMAN WERE GETTING OUT OF AN OLD-STYLE LIMOUSINE...



CHARLES WATCHED AS THE COUPLE CROSSED THE NEWLY PAVED BLUE-STONE DRIVE THAT HAD BEEN JUST A MASS OF WEEDS AND MUD ONLY A SHORT TIME BEFORE. HE LISTENED AS THEY MOUNTED THE NEWLY PAINTED PORCH...



ANDERSON! ALAN ANDERSON. WHY DID THAT NAME SOUND FAMILIAR? DOWNSTAIRS A KEY RATTLED IN THE LOCK AND A DOOR SWUNG OPEN. CHARLES CROSSED THE BEDROOM AND WENT TO THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS...

IT'S THE *CUSTOM*, YOU KNOW, FREDA.

DARLING...

CHARLES GASPED. *FREDA?!* WHY... THAT WAS *PEGGY* DOWN THERE BEING CARRIED ACROSS THE THRESHOLD! OR *WAS* IT PEGGY? IT...IT *LOOKED* LIKE PEGGY!...

WELL, DARLING! THIS IS YOUR *NEW HOME*. *LIKE IT?*

FREDA AND *ALAN ANDERSON!* OF *COURSE!*

DOWN BELOW, AS UPSTAIRS, EVERYTHING WAS SHINY AND NEW. THE DUST-COVERS THAT HAD HOODED THE FURNITURE WERE GONE...

OH, ALAN. IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

FREDA AND ALAN ANDERSON WERE *PEGGY'S* *PARENTS!*

CHARLES DUCKED INTO THE BEDROOM AS THEY CAME UP THE STAIRS. HE HELD HIS BREATH, COWERING BEHIND THE DOOR AS THEY ENTERED...

THEIR *CLOTHES*...THEY'RE THE *STYLES* OF THE *TWENTIES!* AND THE *OLD-FASHIONED CAR*...THE *NEW FURNITURE!* WHY, *I'M WITNESSING WHAT HAPPENED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO* IN THIS *VERY HOUSE*...

START A FIRE, DEAR.

CHARLES WATCHED, FASCINATED, AS THE MAN LIT A FIRE IN THE NEW FIREPLACE AND THE WOMAN BEGAN TO UNDRESS. HE DARED NOT MOVE FROM HIS HIDING PLACE BEHIND THE BEDROOM DOOR FOR FEAR OF BEING SEEN...

I'M WITNESSING *PEGGY'S MOTHER AND FATHER'S* *WEDDING NIGHT...*

OH, ALAN. I'M SO *DELIRIDUSLY* HAPPY...

THE COUPLE MOVED, ARM AND ARM, TO THE BED THAT CHARLES HAD AWAKENED IN. HE TURNED AWAY LISTENING TO THEIR HEAVY BREATHING, THEIR SOFT VOICES WHISPERING...

WHAT'S THIS ALL *ABOUT*? WHY AM I *SEEING* ALL THIS? WHAT'S THE *REASON*?...

EMBARRASSED BY THE INTIMACY OF THE SCENE BEYOND, CHARLES WAITED, STARING AT THE BLANK DOOR, UNTIL THEIR SOFT WHISPERS FADED AND THEIR GASPS AND SIGHS TURNED TO THE REGULAR BREATHING OF SLUMBER...

THEY'RE *ASLEEP!* NOW *HOW* IN BLAZES DO I GET *BACK* TO *1953* ..TO *PEGGY*?

CHARLES WAS ABOUT TO STEP FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND TIP-TOE DOWNSTAIRS WHEN GLIDING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHED...

OH, OH! IT'S *FREDA*...PEGGY'S *MOTHER*..SHE'S COMING *THIS WAY!*

FREDA'S FACE WAS A GRINNING MASK WITH GLAZED STARING EYES AS SHE SEEMED TO FLOAT ACROSS THE BEDROOM TOWARD THE FIREPLACE...

SHE'S REACHING FOR THAT *BATTLE-AXE* OVER THE MANTEL...

GRIPPING THE LETHAL-LOOKING WEAPON IN HER TINY WHITE-KNUCKLED FISTS, FREDA RETURNED TO THE BED WHERE ALAN LAY SLEEPING PEACEFULLY. SHE STOOD OVER HIM, HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS.

OH, ALAN! ALAN! THIS *NIGHT* IS SO *BEAUTIFUL*. THIS *LOVE* OF OURS SO *COMPLETE*...

CHARLES LISTENED, ROOTED TO HIS HIDING PLACE, AS FREDA'S SOFT QUIVERING VOICE DRIFTED ACROSS THE ROOM...

THIS IS THE WAY LOVE SHOULD *ALWAYS REMAIN*, MY DARLING. *SWEET* AND *CLEAN* AND *PASSIONATE*. BUT IT *DOESN'T*. TIME *SOURS* LOVE. AGE *DIRTIES* IT. THE PASSION *COOLS*...

HER WORDS WERE ALMOST SING-SONG NOW. ALMOST RAVING... BUT THAT ISN'T GOING TO *HAPPEN* TO *OUR* SWEET CLEAN PASSIONATE LOVE, MY DEAREST. *I'M* NOT GOING TO *LET* IT. I'M GOING TO *KEEP IT*..*EXACTLY* AS IT *IS*... *PRESERVE* IT..FOR *ALWAYS!* I'M GOING TO MAKE *SURE* TIME DOESN'T *SPOIL* OUR LOVE! *ALAN! ALAN*... *WAKE UP, DARLING!*

GOOD LORD! SHE'S...SHE'S...

FOR A MOMENT OF SHEER TERROR CHARLES FROZE, WATCHING HORRIFIED, AS FREDA RAISED THE BATTLE-AXE. THEN HIS VOICE ERUPTED FROM HIS THROAT IN A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM AND HE DARTED FORWARD...

MY GOD! SHE'S GOING TO KILL HIM!

HUH? *FREDA!* *FREDA...*

CHARLES LUNGED FORWARD TRYING TO CATCH FREDA'S ARMS, BUT HIS FINGERS CLOSED ON NOTHINGNESS. THE BATTLE-AXE FELL...

STOP! STOP... OH, *LORD*... I *CAN'T STOP HER!* I CAN'T *FEEL* HER. SHE... SHE'S LIKE A *GHOST!*

ALL CHARLEB COULD DO WAS TO WATCH HORRIFIED AS FREDA LIFTED THE HUGE BATTLE-AXE AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL THE FIGURE ON THE BED BECAME A SOFT, WET, RED MASH...

SHE...SHE'S *MAD!* *ABSOLUTELY MAD!*

SATISFIED, FREDA TIPTOED BACK ACROSS THE ROOM AND REPLACED THE BLOODY BATTLE-AXE OVER THE FIREPLACE...

THIS WAS THE *SECRET* PEGGY'S AUNT *KEPT* FROM HER ALL THESE YEARS..

THEN SHE RETURNED TO THE BED AND BRAWLED IN BESIDE THE BLOODIED REMAINS, SMILING AND WHISPERING SOFTLY...

CHOKE...PEGGY'S MOTHER WAS *INSANE.* SHE *KILLED PEGGY'S FATHER* HERE IN THIS HOUSE ON THEIR *WEDDING NIGHT* WHEN *PEGGY HERSELF* WAS *CONCEIVED...*

CHARLES FELT HIS STOMACH HEAVING AND STUMBLED FROM THE GORY SCENE IN THE BEDROOM. EVERYTHING BEGAN TO SPIN. HE FELT THE FLOOR GIVE WAY BENEATH HIM. SUDDENLY HE WAS LYING IN BED, STARING AT A DUSTY OLD FIRE PLACE IN A DUSTY OLD BEDROOM WITH BOARDED UP WINDOWS...

WHY...WHY, I'VE BEEN *DREAMING!*

IT WAS ONLY A *DREAM.* EVERYTHING'S EXACTLY AS IT *WAS*...THE DUST, THE OLD FIREPLACE, THE BATTLE-AXE... *GASP*... THE *BATTLE-AXE* OVER THE *FIREPLACE!* IT'S *GONE!*

...*EXACTLY* AS IT *IS*...*PRESERVE* IT... FOR *ALWAYS!* I'M GOING TO MAKE *SURE* TIME DOESN'T *SPOIL* OUR LOVE! CHARLES!

PEGGY'S VOICE CAME FROM BEHIND HIM... ALMOST SING-SONG...ALMOST RAVING. CHARLES'S BLOOD FROZE. THOSE WORDS...THOSE VERY WORDS. HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO TURN AROUND TO KNOW THAT PEGGY WAS THERE STANDING OVER HIM, RAISING THE BATTLE-AXE IN HER TINY WHITE-KNUCKLED FISTS...

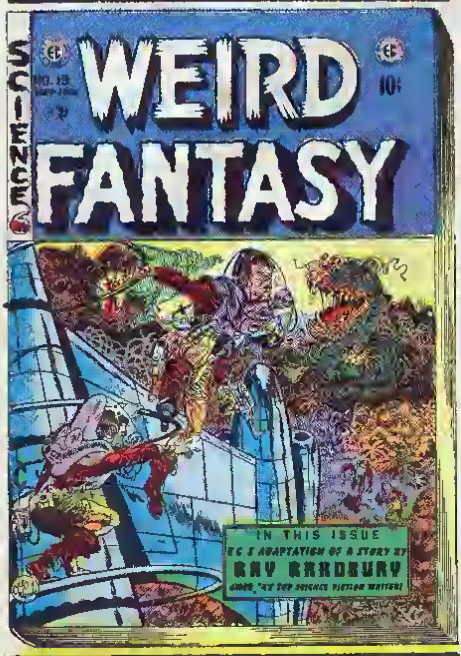
CHARLES... WAKE UP, DARLING!

PEGGY! *PEGGY!*

AND AS HE FELT THE COLD STEEL CUTTING INWARD AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND FELT HIS STRENGTH EBBING AWAY, CHARLES SUDDENLY KNEW THAT PEGGY, TOO, HAD CONCEIVED A CHILD THIS NIGHT WHO WOULD MURDER *HER* HUSBAND ON *HER* WEDDING NIGHT AS HER *INSANE GRANDMOTHER* AND *INSANE MOTHER* HAD DONE.

HEH, HEH! TALK ABOUT *FAMILY TRADITION,* EH, CREEPS? ALL YOU WOULD-BE *GROOMS.* TAKE A *LESSON!* CHECK THE *BRIDE'S BACKGROUND!* IT'S BETTER TO HAVE A *BATTLE-AXE* FOR A *MOTHER-IN-LAW* THAN TO HAVE ONE FOR AN *UNDERTAKER!* AND NOW, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THAT *CAULDRON CRONE,* THAT *BAG* OF A *HAG,* THE *OLD WITCH.* TAKE IT *AWAY, SLOP SERVER*

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...



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From the doorway in which he crouched, Bronson watched the smoke spiraling toward the sky. His eyes glittered happily with the reflection of the orange and crimson and blue tints lighting up the night: it was the best fire he had ever set!

His head turned when he heard the piercing siren announcing the arrival of the fire trucks. A smile wrinkled the corners of his mouth as he watched the long coils of hose unwinding; saw the men moving frantically forward in their billowing black-rubber coats. He pursed his lips and, in the safety of the doorway, observed critically the fire-fighting technique on display before him. The men were good, he admitted grudgingly . . . but they'd never get the flames under control before the towering building was gutted. It would take at least an hour before the last embers died amidst the charred ruins . . . an hour and he'd collect the biggest fee of his career!

He opened his silver cigarette case and removed a slim white cylinder of tobacco. For a moment he admired the gold monogram on the paper: only the top-ranking arsonist could afford his own blended cigarettes, like *this*. Meticulously he tapped the cigarette against his manicured thumbnail and turned again to watch the fire he had started.

It was that new fluid that made this job so simple. The old kerosene-rag dodge . . . that was all right for pikers and run-of-the-mill torches. And the guys who used the candle-technique: let them pick up their crummy $25 for a hit-or-miss job. When you get into

the big-time like Bronson . . . when arson was made to pay off so well you needed a firm of accountants to handle your income tax returns . . . you did the job *right,* and you did it *yourself!*

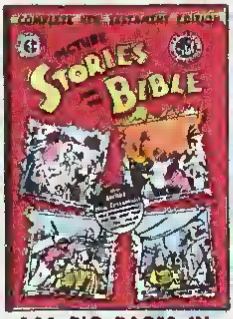
The new fluid, Bronson thought to himself, would net him a *million!* The painstaking experiments with gasoline, kerosene, sulfur and remote-controlled time-fuses was going to *really* pay off! The incendiary he had so cunningly contrived could make an almost instantaneous pyre of *concrete!*

He chuckled to himself, drawing a gold lighter from his pocket and fondling it as he watched the firemen scuttling around the base of the burning building. The ingenious way he had planted his new incendiary fluid, so that pressing a button 50 yards away generated intense heat and forced vapors to rise and fire the upper stories . . . made the job a high-speed operation and guaranteed there'd be no evidence of arson for snoopers to uncover.

Bronson placed the monogrammed cigarette in his mouth, raised the lighter and pressed the flywheel button. A yellow flame leaped out toward the cigarette, turned the tobacco orange-white . . . and, in the same instant, enveloped Bronson in a cocoon of fire.

A squeal of agony burst from his seared lips as he realized what had happened: those fumes generated by his incendiary liquid had clung to *him!* The first contact with flame had set him afire as if he was made of dry tinder!

He staggered out of the doorway, dimly aware of the stench of burning flesh . . . he felt the skin sloughing off his hands like dying ashes fallen from a burnt log. A second screech of agony welled up to his scorched lips as he stumbled and fell in a charred heap. The eerie echo still reverberated through the alley as the last tongues of flame flickered over his unrecognizable body. .



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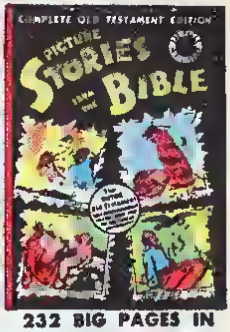

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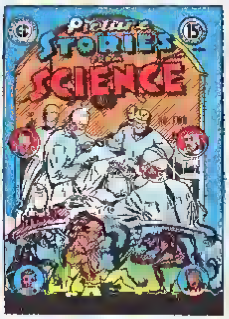

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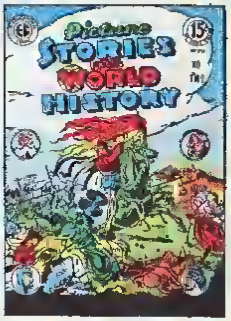

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THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Dear Old Witch,

The entire student body of Boys High School was very surprised when the monthly school newspaper, "The Red and Black," came out with a story on your fine comics. Enclosed please find a copy. The principal of our school must like your comics, or else he probably would not have allowed the story to be printed!

Roy Manno
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hee, hee! That'll be the day! The old boy was probably out sick that week... leave us face it!

We wish to express our gratitude for your wonderful stories. We have read one of your stories before each game, and have won 12 in a row without a loss. We owe our great success to your thrilling stories. We will continue to read your book and continue to win.

The Basketball Team
Columbiana High School
Columbiana, Ohio

Took ya a long time to mail the letter, eh? well, after reading my mag all this time, you guys should be pretty good on FOUL shots!

Comparing E.C. Comics to their inferior imitations is like comparing Marilyn Monroe to you, you old bag!

E. Dailey
Farmingdale, L. I.

I LIKE THAT! (So do WE!—editors!)

... I have only one justifiable complaint about your exceptionally interesting horror tales. I most fervently desire to voice my violent objection to the animation of dead tissue.

William Fransen
San Francisco, Calif.

What in the Haunt is he talking about? (He's talkin' about "walking corpses," gran'ma.—ed.) He's talking about WALKING CORPSES, you ill-conceived rumpots? (Yeah, he's talking about walking corpses, like for a change you ain't got in this issue, pickle-puss—ed.) Oh, you mean corpses whose DEAD TISSUE has been ANIMATED, wart-heads? (Now ya got it, beadbrain.—ed.) This boy is a ☐

... I was glad to see that Craig, Davis, and your boy, Ghastly Graham Ingels brought the cover pictures of you GhouLunatics up to date!

David McGill
Slidell, La.

The comic business is a rough racket, David. We done aged in the last three years!

As any E.C. fan knows, your stories are the best in the business. But what gets my goat is this: Why must you have such ridiculous, stupid titles for them? Titles like: A CREEP IN THE DEEP, OIL'S WELL THAT END WELL, LOWER BERTH, etc. You should have mature titles for mature stories!

Bill Spicer
Los Angeles, Calif.

Humor is the Spicer life, Bill. And a pun is the lowest form of humor. And since my stories are about the lowest forms of life ... no dice, er, Spicer!

You slipped up in your Feb. issue of Haunt of Fear (No. 17) when you told the story, "Gorilla My Dreams." I actually got a lump in my throat and shed a tear for that poor guy in the ape's body. Don't tell me there's a heart left in that gruesome old body of yours after all?

C. E. Crandell
Overland, Mo.

To tell ya the truth, C.E., I was out sick that week!

I just got back from the local morgue with the latest copy of your slimy mag (H F No. 17). I was eating lunch when I read C K's unholy bit of horror called, "Garden Party." I guess spaghetti and E.C. don't mix. I made a dash for the nearest sink.

John McClure
West Palm Beach, Fla.

I was so nauseated, I ran for the sink, but I loved it. Anytime I get sick from your mags is strictly a pleasure. Retchingly yours,

Frank Krueger
Houston, Texas

Look, Whyncha avoid trouble? How many times I gotta tell ya this? Don' read no E.C. muck-mags while sittin'n'eatin'. In fack, don' be hai-scale ... don' read no E.C. reek-rags one hour before 'n one hour after sittin'n'eatin'. Read E.C. slop-slicks inna proper manner atta right time inna right place ... which is, like any stupe knows, sittin' onna a fresh grave inna old cemetery whenna moon is full, at midnight, natchally!

All my friends and neighbors, as well as my mother and dad, think that your magazine is absolutely disgusting. As for ME, all I can say is, keep up the good work. I like it. I like it!

Joseph Amoroso, Jr.
Corona, N. Y.

So do I. So do I! (So we WE. So do WE!—ed.) Drop dead, drop dead! And stay outa my column, my column! (O K O K, bee bee head, head —ed, ed.))

So subscriptions are available ... 75c ... six issues, full year's output ... manila envelopes ... invariably come late ... 'cause the girls that mail 'em are invariably out sick. 3rd TALES OF TERROR annual also available ... 25c. Address for mail, subscription orders, T. of T. orders, money with no orders, money, and animated dead tissue is is

The Old Witch
Room 706, Dept. 19 19
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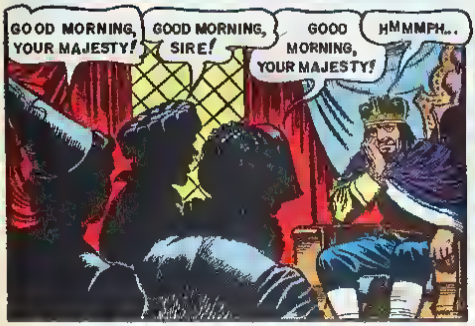
THE OLD WITCH'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!

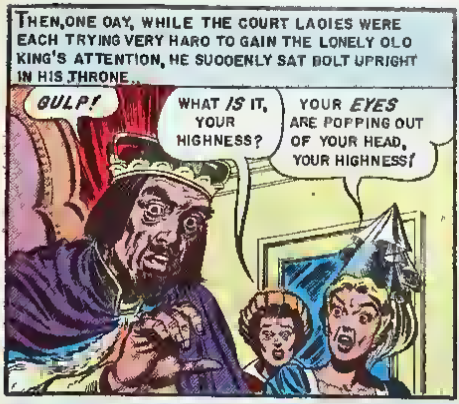
HEE, HEE! HERE'S ANOTHER OF MY *INFANTILE INSANITIES*.. ANOTHER *CHILDISH CHILLER*.. ANOTHER *NURSERY NAUSEATOR*... I CALL THIS *FOUL FABLE*...

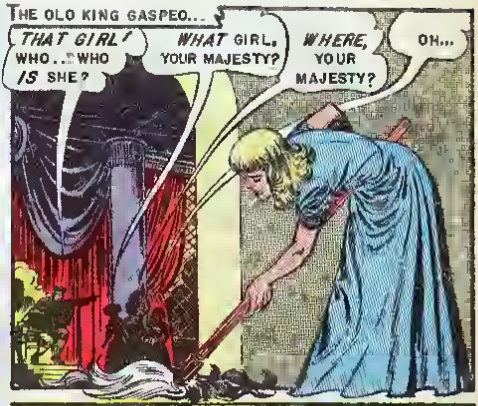
DOUBLE-HEADER!

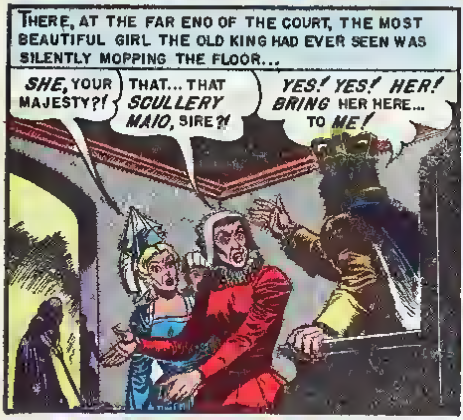
ONCE UPON A TIME... LONG, LONG AGO... THERE LIVED AN OLD KING WHO... EVEN THOUGH HE WAS SURROUNDED BY ALL THE LOVELY LADIES OF THE COURT ALL DAY LONG... WAS VERY LONELY. THE KING WAS LONELY BECAUSE... EVEN THOUGH ALL OF THE PALACE LADIES YEARNED TO BE HIS QUEEN... HE HAD NEVER MARRIED. THE KING HAD NEVER MARRIED BECAUSE HE'D NEVER FALLEN IN LOVE...

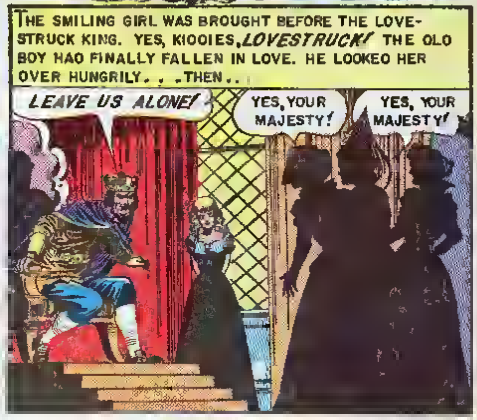


EVERY DAY THE LADIES OF THE COURT WOULD SMILE AND WINK AND TRY TO PLEASE THE LONELY OLD KING, BUT THE LONELY OLD KING WAS A RIGHTEOUS OLD CUSS, AND HE WOULDN'T FALL FOR THEIR FLIRTATIONS...


THEN, ONE DAY, WHILE THE COURT LADIES WERE EACH TRYING VERY HARD TO GAIN THE LONELY OLD KING'S ATTENTION, HE SUDDENLY SAT BOLT UPRIGHT IN HIS THRONE...
GULP!
WHAT IS IT, YOUR HIGHNESS?
YOUR EYES ARE POPPING OUT OF YOUR HEAD, YOUR HIGHNESS!


THE OLD KING GASPED...
THAT GIRL! WHO..WHO IS SHE?
WHAT GIRL, YOUR MAJESTY?
WHERE, YOUR MAJESTY?
OH...


THERE, AT THE FAR END OF THE COURT, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL THE OLD KING HAD EVER SEEN WAS SILENTLY MOPPING THE FLOOR...
SHE, YOUR MAJESTY?!
THAT... THAT SCULLERY MAID, SIRE?!
YES! YES! HER! BRING HER HERE... TO ME!


THE SMILING GIRL WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE LOVE-STRUCK KING. YES, KIDDIES, LOVESTRUCK! THE OLD BOY HAD FINALLY FALLEN IN LOVE. HE LOOKED HER OVER HUNGRILY... THEN...
LEAVE US ALONE!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

THE LADIES OF THE COURT FILED OUT, LEAVING THE OLD KING ALONE WITH THE SCULLERY MAID...
DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE LOOKED AT HER?
WHAT IF HE ASKS HER TO BE HIS QUEEN?
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HANGING AROUND HERE, TRYING TO HOOK THE OLD CROW...

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE THRONE ROOM...
THE MINUTE I LAID EYES ON YOU, MY DEAR, I FELL IN LOVE WITH YOU...
YOU HONOR ME, YOUR MAJESTY!

AND WHEN THE LADIES OF THE COURT WERE ALLOWED TO RETURN TO THE THRONE ROOM, THE KING ANNOUNCED...
MY SUBJECTS. THIS LOVELY CREATURE HAS CONSENTED TO BE MY WIFE. LET ME PRESENT SYLVIA, YOUR QUEEN-TO-BE...
2

AND SO, SYLVIA AND THE OLD KING WERE MARRIED. AND IF SHE'D BEEN BEAUTIFUL IN HER SCULLERY RAGS, SHE WAS EVEN MORE SO IN HER NEW REGAL DRESS. THE LADIES OF THE COURT WERE EXTREMELY JEALOUS OF HER...

LOOK AT HIM. THE OLD FOOL. SHE'S HALF HIS AGE.

DON'T WORRY. HE'LL SOON TIRE OF HER.

AND ONE OF US WILL YET BE QUEEN.

BUT THE COURT LADIES WERE WRONG. THE OLD KING DID NOT SOON TIRE OF HIS NEW YOUNG QUEEN. IN FACT, AS EACH DAY PASSED, HE FELL MORE AND MORE IN LOVE WITH HER...

OH, MY DEAR. I WISH THAT I WERE YOUNG AGAIN SO THAT I COULD MAKE YOU LOVE ME AS I LOVE YOU.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, IRVING. I AM CONTENT JUST BEING YOUR QUEEN.

AND QUEEN SYLVIA WAS CONTENT JUST BEING THE QUEEN, EVEN THOUGH KING IRVING COULD NOT PHYSICALLY SHOW HIS LOVE FOR HER. INSTEAD, AT NIGHT, QUEEN SYLVIA WOULD GO WALKING...

WHO... WHO'S HERE? WHO'S OUT HERE IN THE GARDEN?

IT IS I, QUEEN SYLVIA! CEDRIC! CEDRIC... WHOM YOU ONCE LOVED!

HE STOOD BEFORE HER... RESPLENDENT IN HIS UNIFORM. CEDRIC, CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARDS. CEDRIC, WHOM, WHEN SYLVIA HAD BEEN BUT A SCULLERY MAID, SHE'D LOVED MADLY AND PASSIONATELY...

CEDRIC... PLEASE... GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! DO NOT BE CRUEL TO ME! I AM MARRIED NOW...

WHY DID YOU MARRY HIM, SYLVIA? WHY? WHY?

CEDRIC MOVED FORWARD. SYLVIA BACKED OFF...

BECAUSE HE OFFERED ME HIS KINGDOM... TO BE HIS QUEEN! WHAT GIRL COULD REFUSE?

BUT WHAT ELSE DID HE OFFER YOU? COULD HE OFFER THE LOVE A YOUNG WOMAN NEEDS?

CEDRIC CAUGHT HER HAND...

HE... HE ...LOVES ME VERY MUCH, CEDRIC. HE...

BUT ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH HIS KIND OF LOVE. OR DO YOU NEED... THIS?

...AND HE SWEPT HER INTO HIS STRONG ARMS...

OH, CEDRIC.. DARLING..

SYLVIA...

MEANWHILE, FROM HER DARKENED BEDROOM WINDOW, ONE OF THE COURT LADIES WATCHED THE PASSIONATE SCENE IN THE MOONLIGHT...
GASP. SO! THE QUEEN HAS A LOVER. WAIT UNTIL YVONNE HEARS ABOUT THIS!
THE NEXT NIGHT, WHEN ONCE AGAIN THE QUEEN MET THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS SECRETLY, SOMEONE WAS LISTENING...
THE KING IS ASLEEP, MY SWEET..
SYLVIA... DARLING!
GASP! IT'S TRUE. MARIE WAS RIGHT!
AND SO...
I SAW THEM, WITH MY OWN EYES, SUZETTE!
AND I HEARD THEM...
THE KING MUST KNOW. THEN WE'LL BE RID OF HER. I'M GOING TO TELL HIM.
SUZETTE REQUESTED AUDIENCE WITH THE KING... PRIVATELY...
ALL RIGHT, MY DEAR WHAT IS THIS URGENT NEWS YOU HAVE FOR ME?
IT CONCERNS THE QUEEN, SIRE...AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS. IT IS A MATTER OF YOUR HONOR.
THE KING LISTENED TO SUZETTE'S STORY WITH A GREAT SADNESS IN HIS HEART...
MARIE SAW THEM TOGETHER IN THE GARDEN. AND YVONNE HEARD THEM. AND I - I HAD TO TELL YOU...
SYLVIA... MY SYLVIA...
THE KING DISMISSED SUZETTE. HE CLOSED HIS TIRED OLD EYES. THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO. IT WAS A MATTER OF HONOR, NO MATTER HOW MUCH IT HURT...
SUMMON THE QUEEN.. AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS!
YES, YOUR MAJESTY!
MARIE, YVONNE, AND SUZETTE WATCHED AS THE QUEEN AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS WERE BROUGHT TO THE THRONE ROOM...
WHAT DO YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN, YVONNE?
I DON'T KNOW, MARIE!
I'LL TELL YOU! HE'LL HAVE THEM BOTH BEHEADED. HE MUST. HE IS THE KING! THEY HAVE INSULTED HIS HONOR!

INSIDE THE THRONE ROOM, THE KING LOOKED AT THE YOUNG WOMAN WHOM HE LOVED SO DEARLY...
I KNOW IT ISN'T ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT, SYLVIA. I KNOW YOU COULDN'T HELP IT! I FAILED YOU IN A WAY, AND SO YOU WENT ELSEWHERE...
GASP! YOU KNOW?
YES, MY DEAR. AND THAT IS WHAT IS SO PITIFUL. IF I DIDN'T KNOW, I WOULDN'T BE FORCED TO DO WHAT I NOW MUST DO! I MUST...
SOB... SOB...
...I MUST ORDER YOUR EXECUTION! YOURS... AND HIS. TAKE THEM AWAY!
NO!
NO!
SYLVIA AND CEDRIC WERE LED AWAY. MARIE, YVONNE, AND SUZETTE WATCHED THEM GO...
ONE OF US WILL YET BE QUEEN, MY DEARS!
COME! WE MIGHT AS WELL BEGIN WORKING ON THE OLD CROW. LET'S GO IN AND COMFORT HIM!
MEANWHILE THE BROKEN HEARTED KING SAT ON HIS THRONE, THINKING...
I...I LOVE HER. I...I WOULD FORGIVE HER ANYTHING...ONLY...ONLY I CAN'T. I CAN'T BECAUSE...
THEY GLIDED IN... THE THREE LADIES. THEY CROWDED AROUND THE KING, SOOTHING HIM...
DO NOT BE UNHAPPY, YOUR MAJESTY!
IT IS BETTER THIS WAY.
GIVE ONE OF US A CHANCE TO MAKE YOU HAPPY!
THE KING LOOKED UP AT THEM... AT MARIE AND YVONNE AND SUZETTE. AND SUDDENLY HIS FACE PALED AND HIS EYES FLAMED...
YOUR MAJESTY!
GOOD LORD!
IRVING!

IN THE COURT YARD, THE AXEMAN WAS GRINDING HIS HUGE AXE, AND THE SOUND DROWNED OUT THE MUTED SCREAMS THAT CAME FROM WITHIN THE CASTLE...

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

ALL OF THE LORDS AND LADIES OF THE COURT HAD GATHERED TO WITNESS THE EXECUTION... ALL BUT THREE. FINALLY THE KING EMERGED AND TOOK HIS PLACE BESIDE THE CHOPPING BLOCK. HE GAVE THE SIGNAL, AND SYLVIA AND CEDRIC WERE LED FORWARD...

THE AXEMAN'S BLADE ROSE AND FELL, AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS' HEAD DROPPED INTO THE WAITING BASKET...

THEN THE AXE ROSE ONCE AGAIN, AND WHEN IT CAME DOWN, SYLVIA, THE KING'S ONLY LOVE, LIVED NO MORE...

NOW THE KING WAS A LONELY KING ONCE MORE. AS HE WALKED BACK INTO THE CASTLE, THE COURT LORDS AND LADIES SAW TEARS STREAMING FROM HIS EYES...

INSIDE THE CASTLE, THE THREE LADIES OF THE COURT WHO HAD MISSED VIEWING THE EXECUTION, WRITHED ON THE STONE FLOOR OF THE THRONE ROOM. *MARIE* COVERED HER *EYES!* THEY HAD BEEN *PAINFULLY TORN OUT* FOR WHAT SHE'D *SEEN*. *YVONNE* HAD HER HANDS CLAPPED OVER HER *EARS!* THE KING HAD *BURNED THEM OFF WITH A RED-HOT POKER* FOR WHAT SHE'D *HEARD*. AND *SUZETTE* CLUTCHED AT HER BLEEDING *MOUTH!* THE KING *HAD CUT OUT HER TONGUE* FOR WHAT SHE HAD *SPOKEN*.

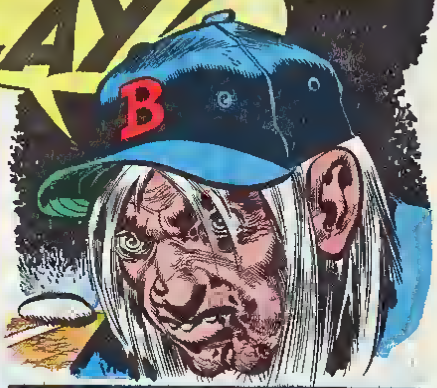
HEE, HEE. *SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL*, EH, KIDDIES? SO THE OLD ADAGE GOES. OLD KING IRVING, IN HIS WRATH, SURE MADE *MONKEYS* OUT OF THE THREE TROUBLEMAKERS, EH? WELL, THAT'S MY *GRIM FAIRY TALE* FOR *THIS* ISSUE. OF COURSE, AS IN *ALL* FAIRY TALES, EVEN *GRIM* ONES, EVERYBODY LIVED *HAPPILY EVER AFTER*. YEP, SEEMS THE KING WENT *SNOOPING* AND FOUND A *CHAMBER MAID* MAKING *BEDS* ON THE *THIRD FLOOR* AND... AH, BUT THAT'S *ANOTHER* EVEN *GRIMMER* TALE. WELL, *C K.* AWAITS, SO, 'BYE, NOW!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

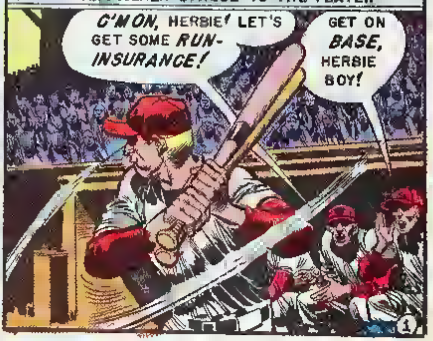
HEH, HEH! AH .. *SPRING* IS HERE, EH, FIENDS? IT'S *BASEBALL TIME* AGAIN. WELL, I'VE GOT A *BASEBALL HORROR YARN* THAT WILL DRIVE YOU *BATTY*. SO CREEP INTO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*, SETTLE DOWN ON THAT *SACK*, AND YOUR *CRYPT-KEEPER* WILL *PITCH* YOU THE *BLOOD-CURDLING, SPINE-TINGLING, FEARFUL FUNGO-FABLE* I CALL ...

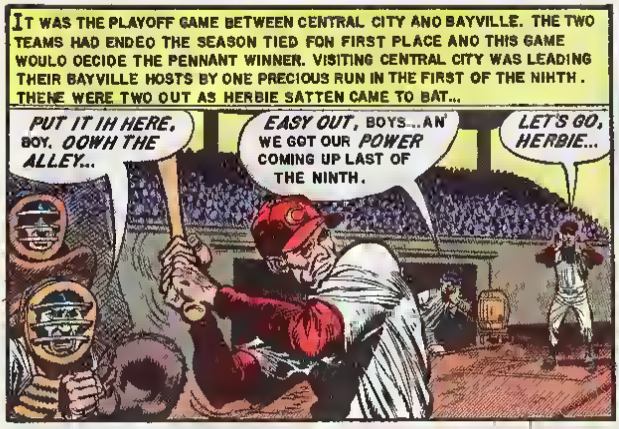
FOUL PLAY!

IT IS MIDNIGHT... THE EVE OF OPENING DAY. CENTRAL CITY'S BUSH-LEAGUE BALL PARK LIES IN DARKNESS. THERE IS A SMELL OF FRESHLY PAINTED SEATS AND RAILS AND HOT-DOG STANDS HANGING IN THE COOL NIGHT AIR. THE CHAMPIONSHIP PENNANT SAGS LIMPLY FROM THE NEW-WHITENED FLAGPOLE IN THE OUTFIELD, LIFTING SADLY NOW AND THEN TO FLAP IN THE SOFT BREEZE THAT SWEEPS IN AND ACROSS THE SILENT DESERTED GRANDSTANDS. BUT DOWN ON THE GREEN PLAYING FIELD, ILLUMINATED BY THE COLD MOONLIGHT, ARE FIGURES... FIGURES IN BASEBALL UNIFORMS... EACH IN ITS POSITION... WAITING... WAITING FOR THE WORDS...



WHAT GOES ON, YOU ASK? WHY THIS MIDNIGHT GAME IN THE MOONLIT CENTRAL CITY BALL PARK? COME BACK WITH ME TO LAST SEASON — TO THE FINAL DAYS OF THIS BUSH-LEAGUE PENNANT RACE... TO A BRISK SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON. DRY BROWNED LEAVES, CHASED BY A FALL WIND THAT CARRIED A PREVIEW OF WINTER WITH ITS CHILL, TUMBLED ACROSS *BAYVILLE'S* BALL PARK AS CENTRAL CITY'S STAR PITCHER STRODE TO THE PLATE..



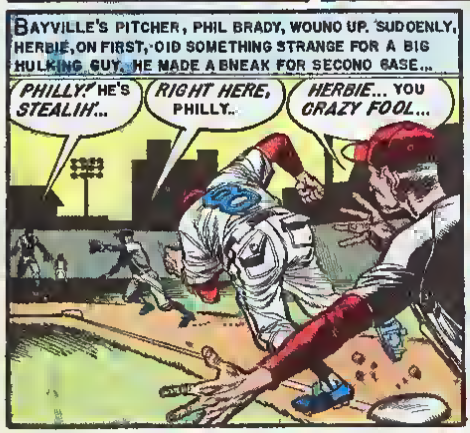

IT WAS THE PLAYOFF GAME BETWEEN CENTRAL CITY AND BAYVILLE. THE TWO TEAMS HAD ENDED THE SEASON TIED FOR FIRST PLACE AND THIS GAME WOULD DECIDE THE PENNANT WINNER. VISITING CENTRAL CITY WAS LEADING THEIR BAYVILLE HOSTS BY ONE PRECIOUS RUN IN THE FIRST OF THE NINTH. THERE WERE TWO OUT AS HERBIE SATTEN CAME TO BAT...
PUT IT IN HERE, BOY. DOWN THE ALLEY...
EASY OUT, BOYS...AN' WE GOT OUR POWER COMING UP LAST OF THE NINTH.
LET'S GO, HERBIE...

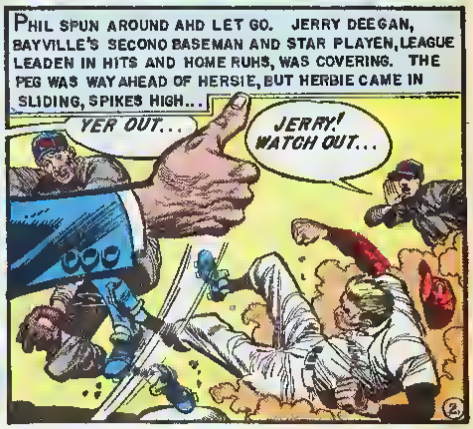
BAYVILLE'S HURLER WOUND UP. BIG HERBIE WATCHED AS THE PITCH CAME STEAMING IN...
LOOK OUT, HERBIE...

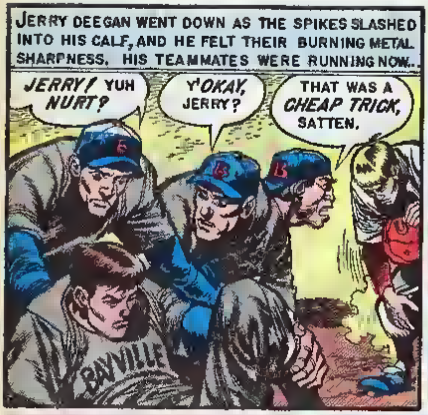
THE PITCH WAS INSIDE. HERBIE MOVED TOWARD IT, THEN TURNED AWAY. THE BALL STRUCK HIS ELBOW.
TAKE YOUR BASE...
WHAT?! YOU'RE CRAZY! HE DID IT DELIBERATELY!

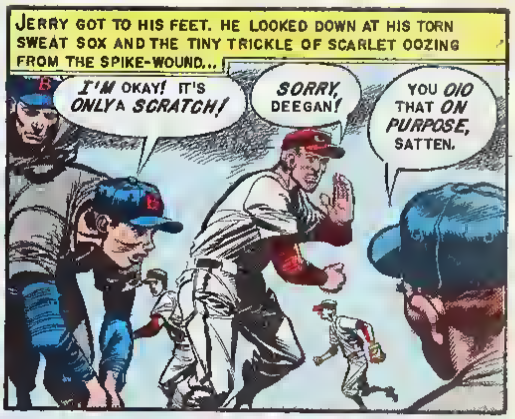
THE BAYVILLE TEAM CROWDED AROUND THE UMPIRE, PROTESTING HIS CALL...
IT NEVER WOULD'VE HIT HIM IF HE DIDN'T LEAN IN!
HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

THE UMPIRE JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD. HIS DECISION STOOD. HERBIE TROTTED DOWN TO FIRST, AND CENTRAL CITY'S LEAD-OFF MAN CAME TO THE PLATE...
OKAY, BOYS. IT'S TWO DOWN. WE'LL GET 'EM OUT!
BURN 'EM IN, PHILLY, BOY...

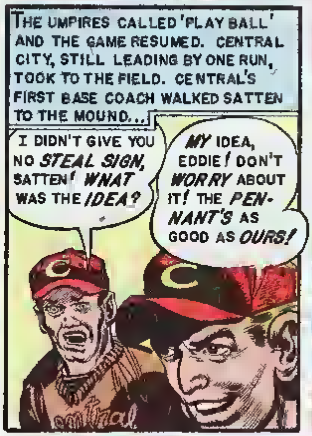

BAYVILLE'S PITCHER, PHIL BRADY, WOUND UP. SUDDENLY, HERBIE, ON FIRST, DID SOMETHING STRANGE FOR A BIG HULKING GUY. HE MADE A BREAK FOR SECOND BASE...
PHILLY! HE'S STEALIN'...
RIGHT HERE, PHILLY..
HERBIE... YOU CRAZY FOOL...


PHIL SPUN AROUND AND LET GO. JERRY DEEGAN, BAYVILLE'S SECOND BASEMAN AND STAR PLAYER, LEAGUE LEADER IN HITS AND HOME RUNS, WAS COVERING. THE PEG WAS WAY AHEAD OF HERBIE, BUT HERBIE CAME IN SLIDING, SPIKES HIGH...
YER OUT...
JERRY! WATCH OUT...

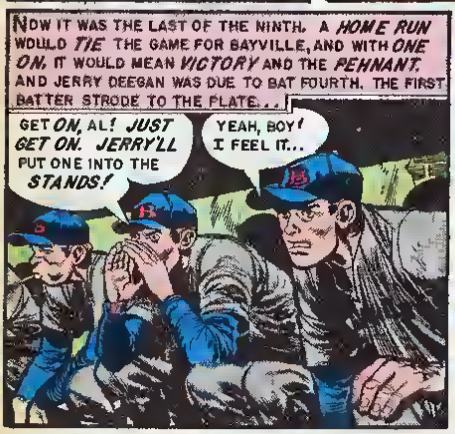

JERRY DEEGAN WENT DOWN AS THE SPIKES SLASHED INTO HIS CALF, AND HE FELT THEIR BURNING METAL SHARPNESS. HIS TEAMMATES WERE RUNNING NOW..
JERRY! YUH HURT?
Y'OKAY, JERRY?
THAT WAS A CHEAP TRICK, SATTEN.
BAYVILLE


JERRY GOT TO HIS FEET. HE LOOKED DOWN AT HIS TORN SWEAT SOX AND THE TINY TRICKLE OF SCARLET OOZING FROM THE SPIKE-WOUND...
I'M OKAY! IT'S ONLY A SCRATCH!
SORRY, DEEGAN!
YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE, SATTEN.

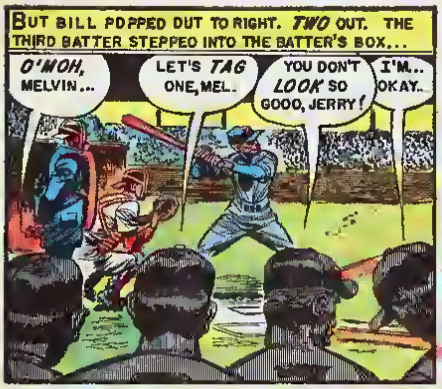
THE BIG CENTRAL CITY PITCHER SMIRKED...
IT'S ALL IN THE GAME CHUM. IF'N DEEGAN'D DROPPED THE BALL, I'D BE SAFE!
YOU WERE BEAT BY A MILE, AND YOU KNEW IT, SATTEN.


THE UMPIRES CALLED 'PLAY BALL' AND THE GAME RESUMED. CENTRAL CITY, STILL LEADING BY ONE RUN, TOOK TO THE FIELD. CENTRAL'S FIRST BASE COACH WALKED SATTEN TO THE MOUND...
I DIDN'T GIVE YOU NO STEAL SIGN, SATTEN! WHAT WAS THE IDEA?
MY IDEA, EDDIE! DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! THE PENNANT'S AS GOOD AS OURS!

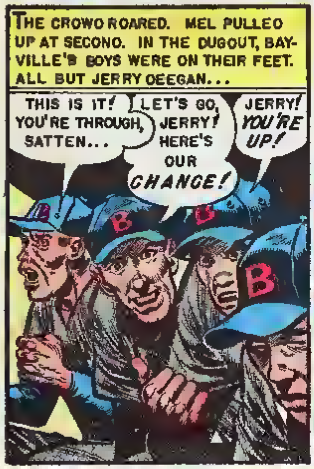
IN BAYVILLE'S DUGOUT, DOC WHITE CLEANED DEEGAN'S SPIKE WOUND AND TAPED IT...
IS HE OKAY, DOC? WILL HE BE ABLE TO BAT?
SURE! JUST A SLIGHT CUT!
OKAY, BAYVILLE. LET'S GET A BATTER OUT HERE.


NOW IT WAS THE LAST OF THE NINTH. A HOME RUN WOULD TIE THE GAME FOR BAYVILLE, AND WITH ONE ON, IT WOULD MEAN VICTORY AND THE PENNANT. AND JERRY DEEGAN WAS DUE TO BAT FOURTH. THE FIRST BATTER STRODE TO THE PLATE...
GET ON, AL! JUST GET ON. JERRY'LL PUT ONE INTO THE STANDS!
YEAH, BOY! I FEEL IT...

BUT AL GROUNDED SADLY TO SHORT ONE OUT. THE SECOND BATTER MOVED INTO THE BOX...
WAIT 'IM OUT, BILL! HE'S TIRIN'!
S'MATTER, JERRY?
HUH? OH.. NUTNIN'!

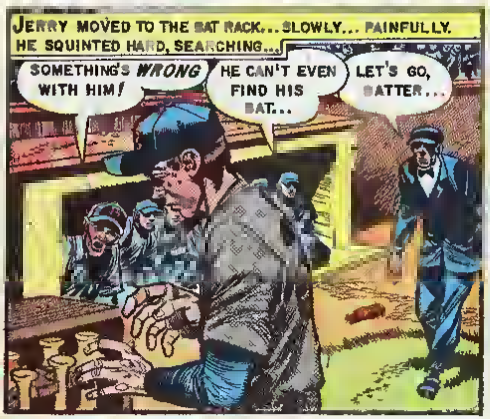

BUT BILL POPPED OUT TO RIGHT. TWO OUT. THE THIRD BATTER STEPPED INTO THE BATTER'S BOX...
O'MOH, MELVIN...
LET'S TAG ONE, MEL.
YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, JERRY!
I'M... OKAY..

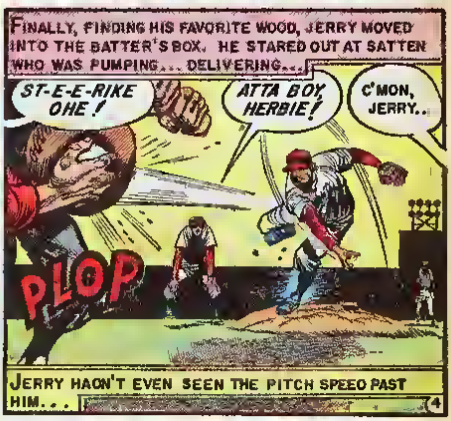
HULKING SATTEN WORKED... PUMPED... DELIVERED. MEL SWUNG AT THE FIRST PITCH LINING IT TO DEEP LEFT...
IT'S GOOD FOR TWO, MEL!
GET LEGS, MEL..
SLIDE, MEL...


THE CROWD ROARED. MEL PULLED UP AT SECOND. IN THE DUGOUT, BAYVILLE'S BOYS WERE ON THEIR FEET. ALL BUT JERRY DEEGAN...
THIS IS IT! YOU'RE THROUGH, SATTEN...
LET'S GO, JERRY! HERE'S OUR CHANCE!
JERRY! YOU'RE UP!

JERRY'S EYES WERE GLASSY. BRADY SHOOK HIM...
HUH?
YOU'RE UP, JERRY!
S'MATTER, JERRY?

JERRY GOT TO HIS FEET... SLOWLY. THE DUGOUT STEPS REELED AS HE STUMBLED UP...
I'M..I'M OKAY! JUST... FELT A LITTLE... DIZZY...
BLAST ONE INTO THE BLEACHERS, JERRY!


JERRY MOVED TO THE BAT RACK... SLOWLY... PAINFULLY. HE SQUINTED HARD, SEARCHING...
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH HIM!
HE CAN'T EVEN FIND HIS BAT...
LET'S GO, BATTER...


FINALLY, FINDING HIS FAVORITE WOOD, JERRY MOVED INTO THE BATTER'S BOX. HE STARED OUT AT SATTEN WHO WAS PUMPING... DELIVERING...
ST-E-E-RIKE ONE!
ATTA BOY, HERBIE!
C'MON, JERRY..
PLOP
JERRY HADN'T EVEN SEEN THE PITCH SPEED PAST HIM...

THE SECOND PITCH WAS SLOW, STRAIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE. REAL HOME RUN MEAT. JERRY SEEMED TO SENSE IT AND SWUNG WILDLY..
ST-EEE-RIKE TWO!
SOMETHIN'S WRONG WITH HIM, I TELL YUH! HE MISSED IT BY A MILE.
TO JERRY, IT WAS GETTING DARK. HE COULD HARDLY MAKE OUT SATTEN'S UNIFORM AS HE PUMPED. THEN..
HE SLUMPED TO THE GROUND AS SATTEN'S PITCH WENT BY..
STRIKE THREE! YER... OUT..
HEY!
HE'S FAINTED!
THE BALL GAME WAS OVER. CENTRAL CITY HAD WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP. DOC WHITE RUSHED TO DEEGAN'S SIDE AS THE REST OF THE BAYVILLE TEAM CROWDED AROUND.
HE... HE'S DEAD!
THE PARK WAS EMPTY NOW. BAYVILLE'S BROKEN-HEARTED FANS HAD FILED SILENTLY OUT. IN THE DRESSING ROOM, JERRY DEEGAN'S BODY LAY ON THE RUB-DOWN TABLE. DOC WHITE BENT OVER HIM...
IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS HEART!
POOR DEEGAN!
HE WAS THE... CHOKE... THE GREATEST!
THEN, DOC WHITE'S FACE BLANCHED. HE GOT BUSY... WITH NEEDLES AND BOTTLES AND RUBBER TUBES. DEEGAN'S TEAMMATES WATCHED SILENTLY. FINALLY, THE DOC SPOKE. HIS VOICE WAS HUSKY... GRIM...
IT... IT WASN'T HIS HEART, BOYS! JERRY WAS POISONED. THIS IS... MURDER!
WHAT?
YOU SURE, DOC?
POSITIVE! HE DIED FROM A QUICK ACTING POISON WHICH, ONCE IT ENTERS YOUR BLOODSTREAM, KILLS YOU WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES!
BUT JERRY WAS OUT ON THE FIELD FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE HE DIED.
SURE! HE... HE... GOOD LORD!
5

FOR A MOMENT, IT WAS SO QUIET IN THE BAYVILLE DRESSING ROOM, YOU COULD HEAN A PIN DROP. THEN...

SATTEN! HERBIE SATTEN.

HE KNEW THAT IF JERRY CAME UP IN THE NINTH, IT WOULD MEAR THE GAME!

THAT CRAZY MOVE! THAT STEAL! HE HAD NO CHANCE TO MAKE IT...

SATTEN SPIKED JERRY DELIBERATELY!

MURDERED HIM... WITH...

POISONED SPIKES!

THE VISITING TEAM LOCKER NOOM WAS DESERTED. CENTRAL CITY'S BOYS, INCLUDING SATTEN, HAD GORE. ONLY THE TRAINER WAS LEFT...EMPTYING THE LOCKERS, AND PACKING THE EQUIPMENT AWAY...

WHICH LOCKER'D HERBIE SATTEN USE, MOE?

THAT ONE. HIS STUFF'S STILL IN IT...

WHILE THE OTHEN PLAYENS KEPT MOE, THE TRAINER, BUSY, DOC WHITE MADE A FAST CHECK ON SATTER'S SPIKES. LATER, BACK AT THE BAYVILLE DRESSING ROOM...

THERE'S NO OOUBT ABOUT IT! SATTEN'S OUN MURDERER. TRACES OF THE POISON ARE STILL ON HIS SPIKES.

THIS IS A JOB FOR THE POLICE.

NO! WAIT! LET'S TAKE CARE OF HIM DURSELVES... DUR WAY...

YES, FIENDS. HENBIE SATTEN HAD SO WANTED TO WIR THE PENNANT, NOT FON CENTRAL CITY BUT FON HIS OWN FAT EGO, THAT AT THE BEGINNING OF THE RINTH, WHILE HIS TEAM WAS AT BAT, HE'D PAINTED HIS SPIKES WITH THE FAST-ACTING POISOR. HE'D CARRIED THE POISON WITH HIM FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASIOR. GETTING HIT WITH THE PITCH WAS EASY. THE SLIDE, EASIER. ARD THE JOB WAS DDNE. AND ALL LAST WINTER, HERBIE'D THOUGHT HE'D GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT. HE'D PITCHED HIS TEAM TO VICTORY ANO THE PENNANT. HE'D BEEN DECLARED A NERD. SOON IT WOULD BE THE BIG-LEAGUES FOR HIM. SOON, HE'D BE FAMDUS. HE'D HAVE A NAME. A RAME IMMDRTALIZED IR THE ANNALS OF BASEBALL. THAT'S WHY, OR THE DAY BEFORE OPERIRG DAY...

...WHEN THE LETTER ANNIVED, HE FELL FON THE INVITATION...

DEAR MR. SATTEN,

WE ANE A GROUP OF YOUR MOST AVIO FOLLOWERS. IT IS OUR PLAN TO PLACE IN CERTRAL CITY BALL PARK A PLAQUE, CARNYIRG YOUN NAME, TO HONON YOU AND YOUN ACHIEVEMENTS IR BASEBALL. PLEASE MEET US TORIGHT AT ELEVER P.M. AT THE FIELD TO HELP DECIDE UPOR WORDIRG ARD PLACEMENT OF SAID TABLET.

THE HENBENT SATTEN COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE

HERBIE WENT. WHY NOT? THIS WAS WHAT HE WANTED ABOVE ALL ELSE. THIS WAS WHAT HE'D MURDERED FOR. HONOR. PRESTIGE. AT 11:00PM., HE WAS IN THE DESERTED BALL PARK, ON THE MOONLIT FIELD, WAITING.

HELLO, HERBIE...

WHAT THE...? BRADY! DOC WHITE! THE BAYVILLE TEAM. WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

So *NOW* you *KNOW*, fiends. Now you know *WHY* there is a ball game being played in the moonlight at midnight in the deserted central city ball park. Look *CLOSELY*. *SEE* this *STRANGE BASEBALL GAME!* See the long strings of pulpy intestines that mark the base lines. See the two lungs and the liver that indicate the bases... the heart that is home plate. See doc white bend and whisk the heart with the mangy scalp, yelling ...

PLAY BALL... BATTEN UP!

LET'S *GO* PHILLY, BOY! *PITCH IT IH...*

See the batter come to the plate swinging the legs, the arms, then throwing all but one away and standing in the box waiting for the pitcher to hurl the head in to him. See the catcher with the torso strapped on as a chest-protector, the infielders with their hand-mits, the stomach-rosin-bag, and all the other pieces of equipment that once was central city's star pitcher, herbie satten...

And in the morning, watch the faces of the fans as they pack the park and see the green grass now stained red, and see the hastily substituted pitcher step to the rubber and stare down at the stone plaque embedded there with the engraved words memorializing the gory remains buried beneath the *PITCHER'S MOUND*..

GOOD LORD!

HERBIE SATTEN PITCHER MURDERER R.I.P.

Heh, heh! So that's my *YELP-YARN* for this issue, kiddies. Herbie, the pitcher, went to *PIECES* that night and was taken *OUT*...out of *EXISTENCE*, that is! The *PLAQUE* turned out to be his *GRAVE STONE*, and the *PITCHER'S MOUND* his *GRAVE*. Oh, by the way. Next time you go see central city play, be careful where you sit. That night one of bayville's boys hit a homer, into the stands. They never found the ... heh, heh... 'ball'! 'bye, now. We'll all see you next in *MY* mag, *TALES FROM THE CRYPT!*

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YES PAL! IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can Become an All-Around, All-American HE-MAN Like We Did

WE WERE SKINNY WRECKS Like YOU!

BEFORE

We Mailed Coupon

YOU TOO CAN BECOME An AMAZING NEW HE-MAN

If You Mail Coupon NOW

AFTER

We Mailed Coupon IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!

Mail Coupon Below

Hi SKINNY

—they used to say before I took the Jowett Course. I was run down, anemic, ashamed in a bathing suit. Now I have added 30 lbs. of steel-strong muscle —5" to my arms— 10" to my chest. Jowett has given me a new body that is the envy of the neighborhood.

Jim Grimm
Chicago, Ill.

SICKLY GRIMM BEFORE

KEN GRIMM AFTER

Full of Pep and Power

KEN is NOW a HEAD-to-TOE HE-MAN as you can be soon

I gained 70 lbs of mighty muscle!

You can be me in a matter of weeks through Jowett training. You can win a BIG SILVER TROPHY as I did. I went from SKINNY, puny 90 lbs to this All-American HE-MAN. NOW it looks like I'll make the football team just like you can too

Rochester N Y

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb Skeleton

GLEASON R CLEVELAND AFTER

160 lb He-Man Athletic Popular Self-Confident A Success with Men and Girls!

In 10 Minutes of Fun A Day I Changed From a SKINNY WEAKLING to a MIGHTY MAN

I gained 49 lbs.—added 7" to my chest—3" to each arm. WITH ONE hand I can now lift overhead a boy weighing 145 pounds. Jowett gives you muscle quality as well as quantity. Mail the ALL-FREE Coupon below as I did.

Arkansas

JACKSON BEFORE

JOBIE JACKSON AFTER 90 Days!

MAN! aren't YOU as SICK and tired as I and thousands of MIGHTY JOWETT HE-MEN were of being SKINNY OR FLABBY?

IN which of the above groups does YOUR BODY belong? The 3 scrawny and flabby fellows on the top are the SAME fellows as the 3 HUSKIES on the bottom! YOUR PHOTO can soon belong to the HE-MAN GROUP

Then, Come on, Pal, do as they did! Give me 10 Pleasant Minutes a Day and I'll give YOU a NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is to MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL Around ALL American HE-MAN, a WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one single cent!

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Paunds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my 5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER* the only method that builds you 5 ways fast. You save YEARS. DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like these champs did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did SO

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU CAN WIN $100

AND A BIG 15" tall SILVER CUP!

Let me make YOU an ALL-AROUND HE-MAN as I made those former SKINNY and FLABBY WEAKLINGS

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